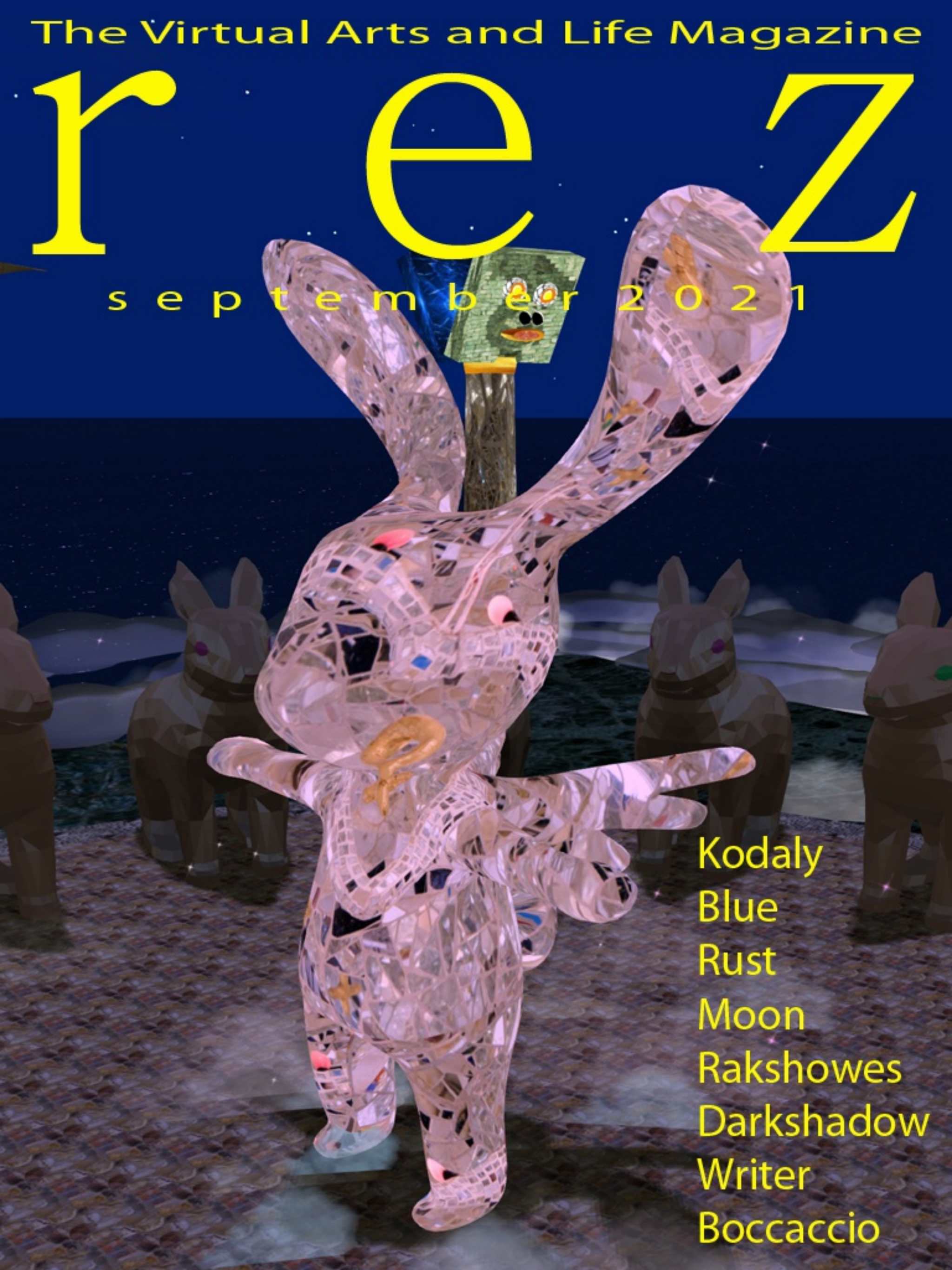
The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

september 2021



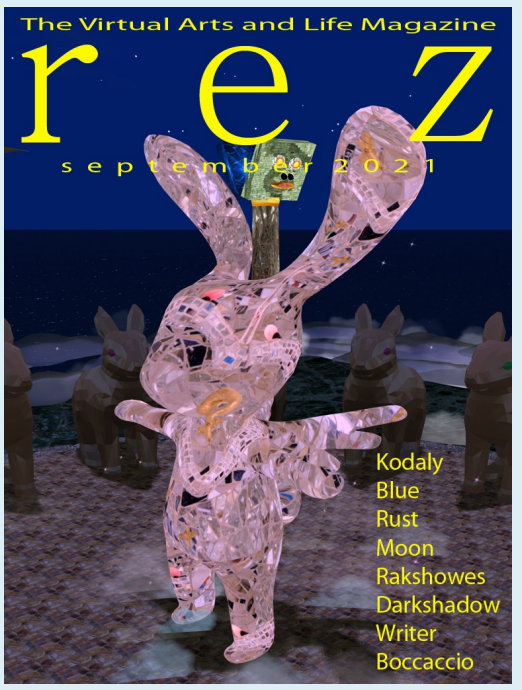
Kodaly
Blue
Rust
Moon
Rakshowes
Darkshadow
Writer
Boccaccio

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- **Pocket Stone** In this sublime poem, RoseDrop Rust carries a pocket stone to remind him of his true love.
- **The View from Teegarden's Star** Cybele Moon inhabits a magical world and brings it to life in this marvelous fable.
- **Happy Time** Cat Boccaccio paints a grim picture of Mrs Bak's resting bitch face in a study of an all too familiar character.
- **Full Colonel Salute** Zati Kodaly returns with a peek into some of the formalities of death in the military community.
- **Pay Me Twice** In this, the first installment of The Blockchain Vision Series, Art Blue's future is filled with blockchain and bitcoin.
- **The Coming** Rakshowes reminds us that even in a Starbucks events occur which cannot easily be explained.
- **Wolves** Stalking predators inhabit Dearstluv Writer's world in this poem about our current state of affairs.
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About the Cover: This capture is from the installation by Secondhand Tutti that is further explained in Art Blue's latest foray into the future, Gatchabuddy.
In Art's words, SecondHand Tutti works with old technology, with prims, with tools of the old days. We're so glad she does.



“The future ain’t
what it used to be.

Yogi Berra

AFTER DARK

LOUNGE

on Idle Rogue

contact: Meegan Danitz

meegan.danitz@gmail.com

facebook.com@AfterDarkSL

R DARK

U N G E

Siemens Social Community

A group of kind, tolerant people who accept and embrace **all** the unique qualities and characteristics of all other kind, tolerant people, and who choose to come together in a spirit of family-like companionship and fun.

AMENITIES: **Old Castle** with hidden rooms and hang gliders; **Art Gallery**; **Gardens** overlooking the sea; **Harbor** open to protected ocean with boat docking and sailboat rezzers; Sunken **Shipwreck** and undersea area; **Homes** and **Skyboxes**; and **Fourteen Unique Party Places** equipped for **Live DJ performances**—shown below.





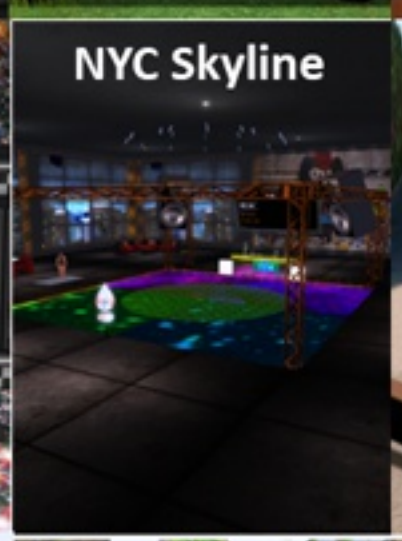






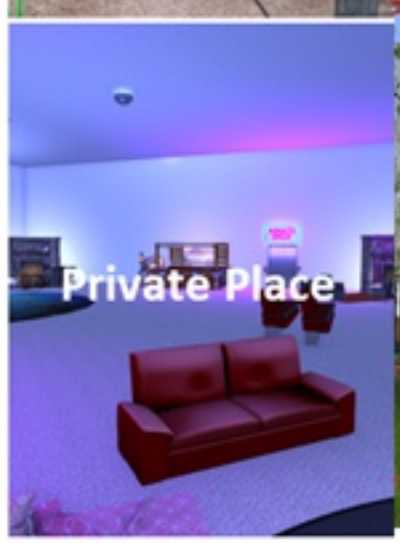


















IM Vindi Siemens or Felicity Siemens for a guided tour.

Membership is free to kind, accepting, tolerant people.


COME TO THE SHEWORTHY PUB!!!!!
WHERE THE MUSICIANS COME TO PARTY!!!!!
THE
SHEWORTHY
PUB
Cocktails
WHERE FRIENDS AND MUSIC COME
TOGETHER FOR FUN AND AN ESCAPE FROM
YOUR FIRST AND SECOND LIVES.
SECONDLIFE/TROPICAL/143/94/21


Gachabudo


dy
art blue

How will dreams look
in 50 years?

Let us watch the official video *One More Time* by Robin Schulz, Felix Jaehn and Alida, taken from Robin's 2021 album *IIII*, and you will be nicely prepared for this question.

https://youtu.be/9tBIMMPy-EA

How will dreams look in 50 years is much easier to handle than, “How shall life go on after Gacha was taken down on August 31, 2021?” Gacha is not just a service, no way, no. Gacha deals with hopes, creates a dream, a dream that runs in you. You pay 75 Linden and you get something big, really big. If not, then you give it another try and another and another, until your dream happens. What a joy. JOY ON YOU!

On August 16th, I gave the Grand Opening speech for the newest installation by SecondHand Tutti, called *FROM MY BED I DREAM OF LIFE*. I considered speaking of lost dreams, the lost dreams where so many have cried endless tears, as their Gacha would soon be gone. And when the devastation was at its peak, I thought of bringing in the new messiah I created, the Gachabuddy. And I was thinking to play the song *Sunlight, Heaven* by Julianna Barwick.

https://youtu.be/F3q_tEs44BI

This song would bridge to the installation SecondHand Tutti created out of the visions she had laying in her bed, struck down by Covid. *FROM MY BED I DREAM OF LIFE* will be on display until December 31, 2021 at Second LEA (SLEA3). The sim was



full and Apmel was there. I remember him saying about the Surreal Art Gallery, *Raining Avatars*. Venus Adored and Skyblue Earthboy performed after my talk. Surely much needed after the heavy stuff I had prepared. I spoke in my cryptic ways that make people run away if they

would not know better to be on the sim from the beginning. Later, when the performers take over, there is no way to come in.

Want some proof of my mind-blowing talk?



Welcome to *FROM MY BED I DREAM OF LIFE*, an installation that reaches back to the year 1642. You wonder how this can be? We write the year 2021; however, look at the parallelity.

SecondHand Tutti works with old technology, with prims, with tools of the old days. Some linksets, like Ricardo the cat, that refers to an installation by Niki de Saint Phalle, she put in a mesh converter so the land impact went from 187 prims down to five. A big portion of the rest of her installation could be transformed by a tool Herzstein developed using code by Fumi Iseki, Austin Tate, Daichi Mizumaki and Kohe Suzuki, so modern viewers and engines like Unity and Godot will still recognise and display the work in 10, 20 or even in 50 years. About 10% of her set will get lost in transition, will be rendered grey, or just fail in a backup.

When you seek the story of Rembrandt's most famous painting, *The Night Watch*, then you understand my prediction that future generations will build museums for old masters, no matter what is left of their art. About 10% of Rembrandt's *The Night Watch* was cut off as the painting was too big to be presented in one of the former owner's house. Rembrandt had his dream in the year 1642, but not every part made it to the now. SecondHand Tutti has been called in the curator's magazine, *ExpoTime!*, the New Rembrandt for a reason. A museum was built around her installation *TEA CUP* the same way that the Rijksmuseum was built to give *The Night Watch* the home Rembrandt's work deserves. The architect was



Pierre Cuypers. No, that was just to test your knowledge. Pierre Cuypers is the architect of the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam. The real builder for the *TEA CUP* museum was Bryn Oh. Three long-legged Maskitts protect the contents from intruders. That *TEA CUP* is another dream of SecondHand Tutti is quite obvious when you visit the museum.

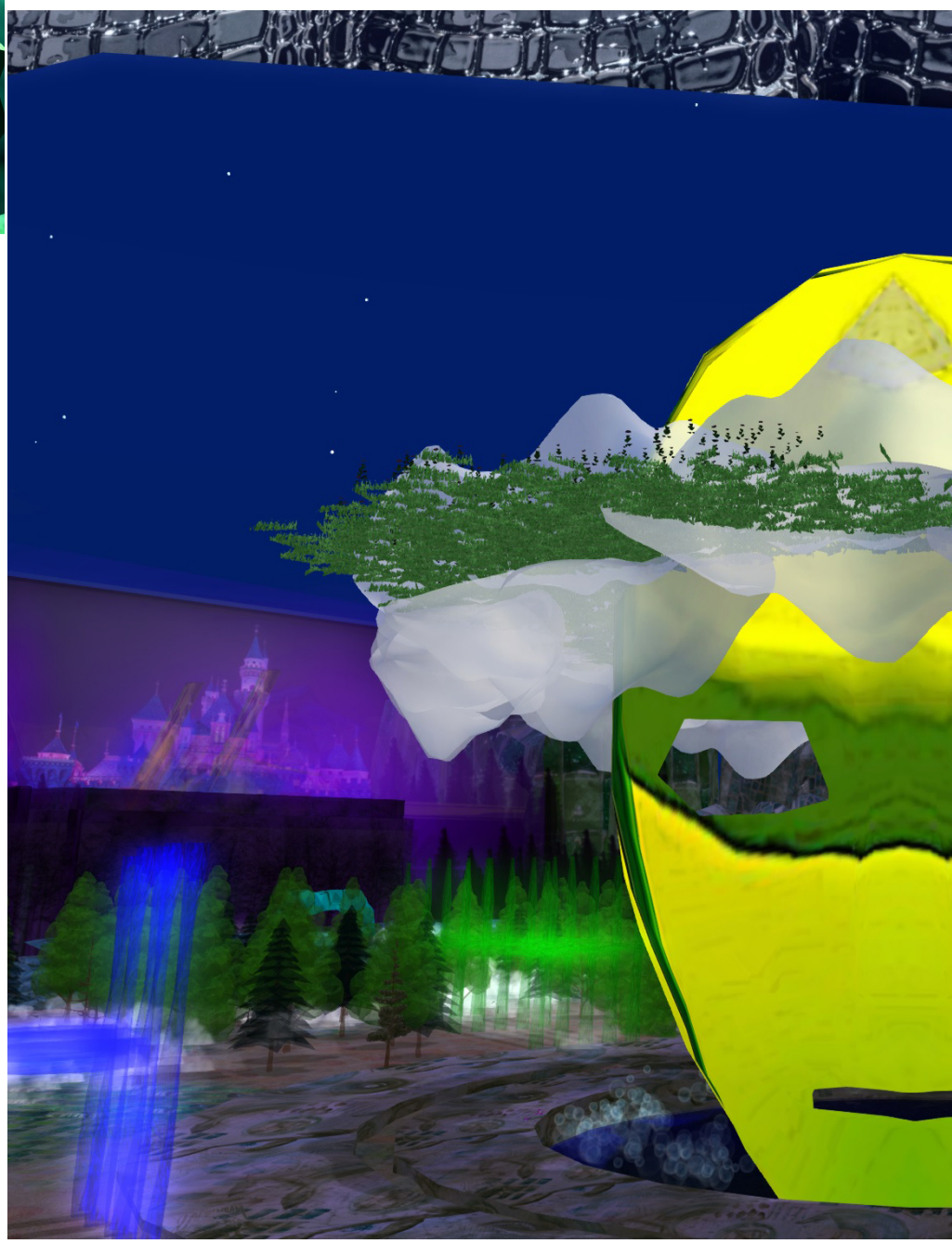
You see how cleverly I lure artists into my conservation projects?

If you would ask any one of the 42 attendees of my speech, you might wonder that no one remembers that I said this. They will remember different words. Maybe I made it all up to set them in a dreamlike state?

They might instead tell you something like this:

FROM MY BED I DREAM OF LIFE

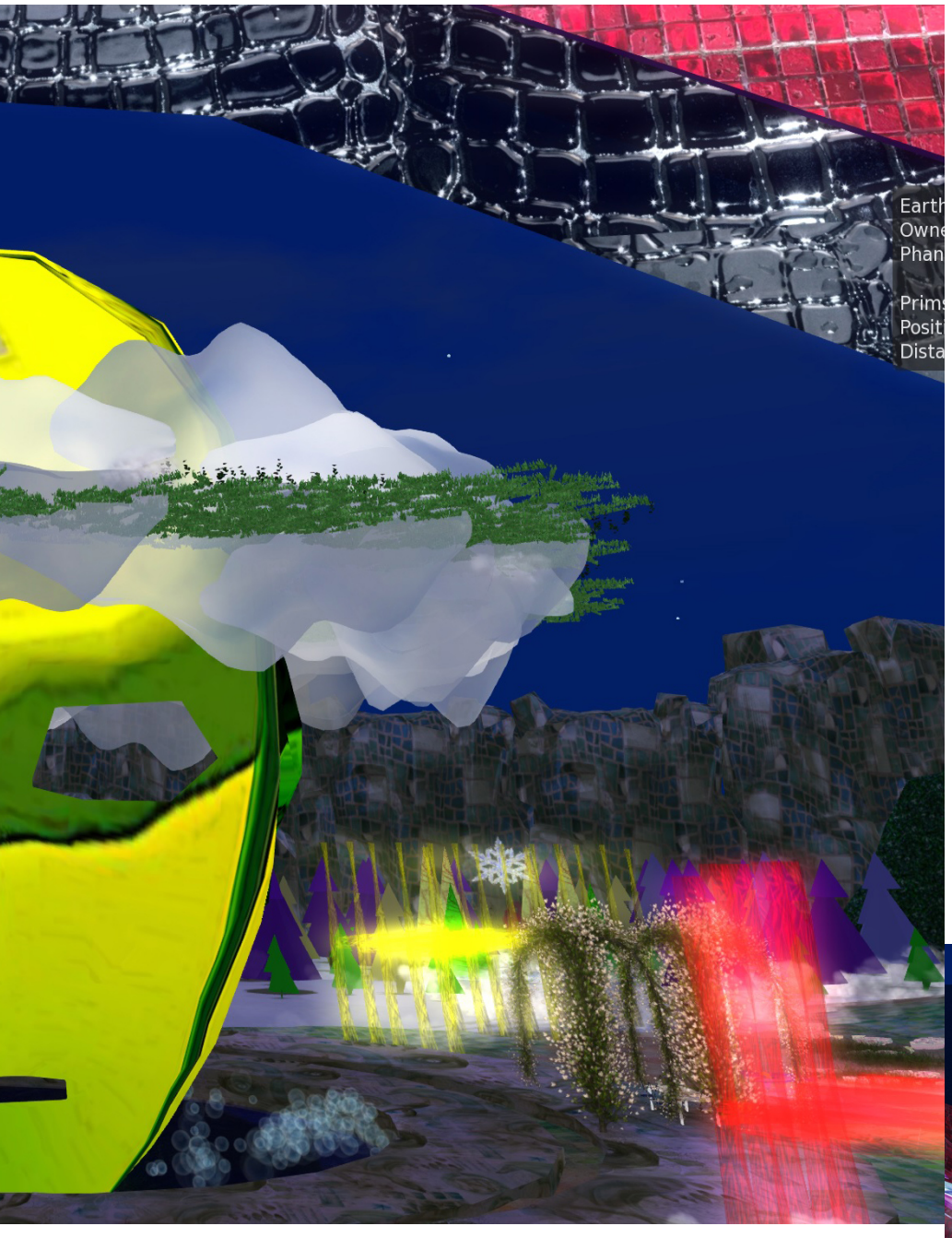
It is the first time a dream has rezzed into reality, a reality we can walk inside of. It is a reality that changes your view when you try to leave it, when you travel away, when you wake up, when you stand up from the travel clouds, when you turn your body,



when you look back. Then you see it was your head, your mind that you left, that the dream is looking back at you.

To say this installation is the best I have ever seen with my own eyes would be a lie. You can't see in a dream with your own eyes. Your eyes

are closed. I tell you now to take a blindfold and to dream about reality, a reality you will later explore when you take one of the clouds that will travel through space and time. The travel leads you in known directions: North, South, West, East. But some dreams



take us in other directions, some we don't call being real.

Are you ready? Are you wearing the blindfold?

https://youtu.be/aB-xdTDcJ6c

When laying on a bed facing Covid, being in a dark room where your eyes hurt when you see a glimpse of light, then more visions of SecondHand Tutti will become real for you.

But to say that *FROM MY BED I DREAM OF LIFE* is the best sound installation I have ever listened to with my own ears would be a lie, as the ears are not my own, they are coded ears.

These coded ears hear words long gone, spoken in a lost language, a language that I discovered when I was in a dream state at Second LEA, a grant provided by Linden Lab, being managed by Tansee. It must have been SecondHand Tutti speaking to me in her dream, as the voice is Irish, Gaelic and synthetic. When we dream, we hear voices that have been created in the past and will be heard in the future, both rezzing in the now of our dreams,



a now we can't control. To live in the now, a saying that does not go with a dream. At least not in our western culture.

Time to change our vision, to see that dreams are reality. Tansee invited SecondHand Tutti to realize *FROM MY BED I DREAM OF LIFE*.

https://youtu.be/jZMPjX3ExbE

To rez a dream gets today a meaning. Many gifted talents work in this world (which we call falsely a virtual world) to make unreal things real. They get a grant and they work for their dream. Then the dream fades … giving room for a new one. That is the cycle of life.

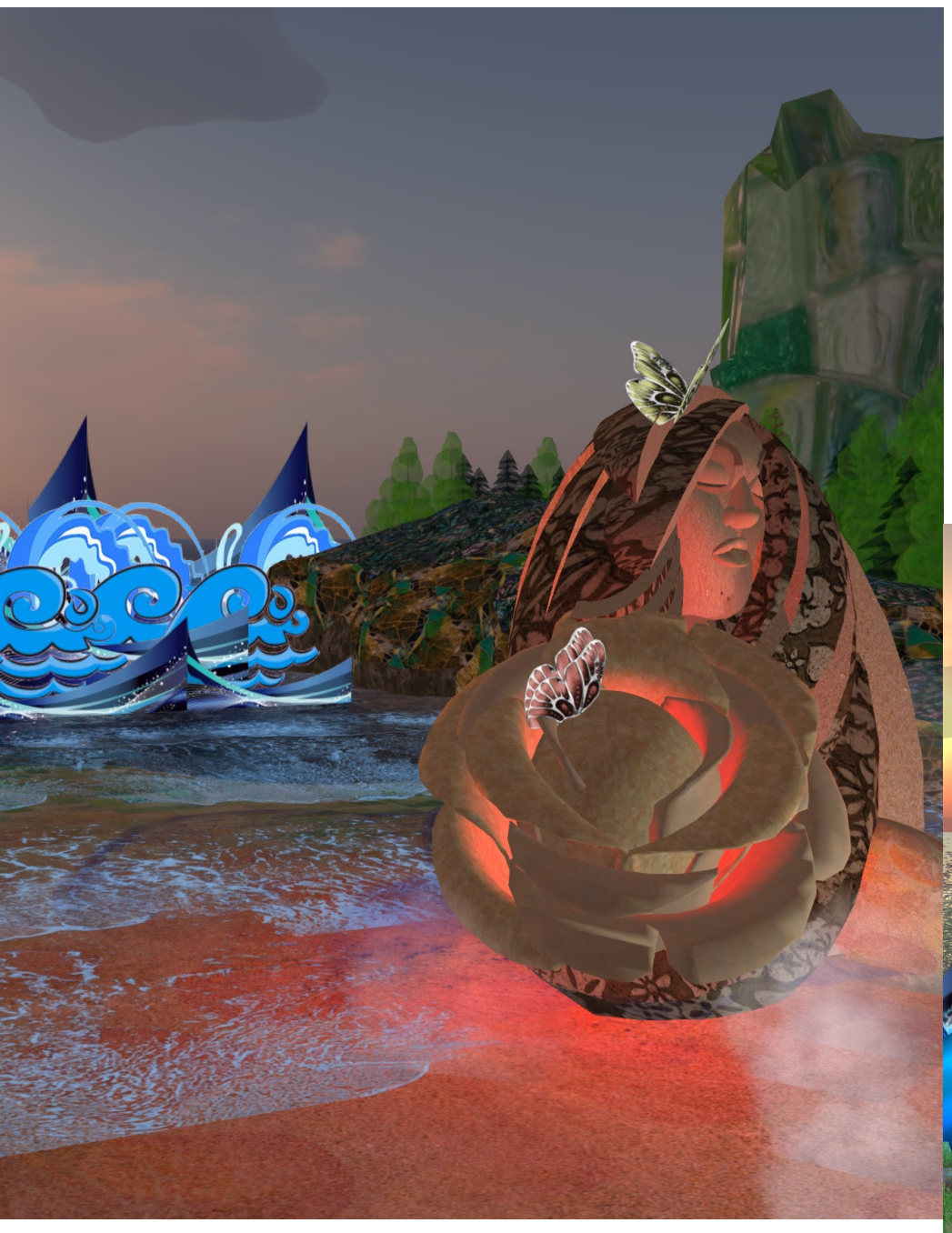
What type of reality does SecondHand Tutti offer in *FROM MY BED I DREAM OF LIFE*? That you have to explore by yourself. After my talk has ended and the trailer by Substance-D is aired, click the WAKEUP SIGN which brings you back to landing, take a cloud, press ESCAPE and travel in a curved path that Art Eames coded for *FROM MY BED I DREAM OF LIFE*. Explore East, West, North and South and don't miss the world below and the one above. Take the time when listening to the Algebraist *Born in A Water Moon* to adjust your blindfold and to activate your hud. You will hear that the Algebraist who lives as an Artificial Intelligence in a frozen moon has overcome gravity. Will SecondHand Tutti manage to do such things with you in *FROM MY BED I DREAM OF LIFE*?

https://youtu.be/Zx5pDRfZYek



SecondHand Tutti asked me if I would give the Grand Opening speech for *FROM MY BED I DREAM OF LIFE*. I said, "Of course. I am honoured. I will work something out." But can anybody work out something when the audience shall dream? How shall I bring reality to you when you need to dream of this

state? Maybe to inject some Substance-D in your veins? Some Hypercolor Blue? Substance-D will call the voices of the Angels that SecondHand Tutti has given me to play. When the voices fade, which will be in about 15 minutes, an announcement will be



given to travel up to the sky where Venus Adored will perform to the tunes of Skyblue Earthboy. The concert will be 42 minutes long.

I am hungry and thirsty. The dream is open.

Yes, I really said this. I could not say "The buffet is open," because there was none. Pssst … there are some Gachas to grab. They are called gifts, scattered all over the place.

75 LINDEN

You wait for the Gachabuddy? That is your dream. I know. That Gacha is back. Everyone paying 75 Linden to Gachabuddy Resident will get the story right now. The others have to wait for the next issue of *rez Magazin*e. One month's time to dream of your dream. It's not so hard dreaming, right?



·r—e—z·



photography

jami mills



Pocket Stone

When you think of her in those things great and small
know that this is the scope of love
what expand beyond the confines of body and soul
Looking out from below and above.

Tomatoes make you smile in grocery or shopping mal
And take a pic to send by phone
unexpected emotional exchange of storm and squall
Makes you think of running home.

You hear her name in wind through bush and tree
And whisper to yourself alone
Can’t wait to relate to her all that you say and see
then carry love as pocket stone.

By RoseDrop Rust





The View from Teegarden's Sta



ar by Cybele Moon

No one actually remembered how the people reached Teegarden's Star. It was so long ago that the original voyagers became synonymous with myth and those legendary races like the Tuatha de Danaan of Ireland, who arrived in a golden cloud, or the gods who fell from the Pleiades and taught their wisdom to the Hopi tribe of the Southwest. At any rate, so much time had gone by that the original histories were forgotten which was probably just as well.

The intrepid travelers had left a dying planet which some said was by natural catastrophes and others said by the error of the inhabitants. Whichever it was, life was no longer sustainable as it had once been.

It possibly was an accident that the Galactic Ark arrived at Teegarden's Star, which is an insignificant little red dwarf on the cooler spectrum, far away in the Aries Constellation. The small planet orbiting the star was not as warm as their home, so giant biospheres had been built to make it more habitable. However, aeons later, no one any longer remembered how the domes got there or who exactly had built them unless of course it was the old gods. Each dome was large enough to house a few thousand people and was created to be totally self-sufficient, self-sustaining and indestructible. It didn't rain inside the structure, but only dripped moisture constantly keeping the atmosphere not only warm but humid. Those who lived in the farthest domes cultivated mycelium and fungi and had developed a rather spongy, hairless type of mottled skin indicative of shady damp abodes.



Those in the equatorial domes had grown a second set of eyelids that acted as a kind of added sunshade protecting them from the constant bombardment of light particles that streamed like a volley of solar arrows

through the thin membrane of the planetary atmosphere. The skin of these more central people lost melanin and evolved an almost translucent light, giving them a pale, ethereal appearance though they were every bit as healthy as the mycelium growers.

Most of the inhabitants were farmers who tirelessly tilled the soil of their vaulted gardens, but they also had craftsmen, maintainers, quarrymen and miners. There was a small guild of tradesmen who traveled between the domes but the unpredictable climate and rugged terrain limited much of their movements and opportunities. Because of these conditions most preferred to remain in the small insular communities and they lived simple lives. As a part of an ancient tradition of storytelling, they often spoke of magical and powerful civilizations of long ago, but they, themselves, existed with little memory of the past and even less insight into the future. Still, they were content.



However, at certain times of the year just when the tedium of their lives and labour might become unbearable, the dome councils sent out exploration parties to search for a rare form of indigenous vegetation called Tee. Tee was a creeping vine that grew pods of tremendous size, and twice a year the pods would burst releasing oval shaped seeds the size of large, opalescent pearls. The seeds formed a filament of misty bioluminescence in the evening wind. It was a yearly quest to gather these strings in special nets at just the right time so they could boil them into a fragrant mash that caused taste buds to tingle and perceptions to flower.



Occasionally, dense clouds would form inexplicably on the planet's equator and from them diamonds would sometimes rain down. But the people of Teegarden's Star had no use for diamonds. The underground metal was much more important. Copper kettle and coils provided the inhabitants with all they needed for an extraordinary and mystical elixir, they named Teegarden's Hooch. After Tee was harvested and distilled, people from all the domes would gather and dance, tell stories and celebrate, while dreams of incredible worlds and mysteries flooded their senses in ecstatic vision.

Every year was the same. When they had eaten and drank their fill they ended the evening by gazing upward in prayerful homage. Thousands of voices chanting "Godspeed" swelled and echoed through the dome but what this mantra meant they had no idea. The context and significance had long been forgotten. Their eyes were fixed on a point of faint light at the far reaches of a galactic arm called The Orion Bridge. "That is the home of our old gods and our creation," they told their children. "One day they will come to take us back to our beginning." What they didn't realize at their last celebration, was that the light they saw was actually the ending. Tomorrow it would be gone. It was the last echo of Godspeed, a traveling ghost, already slowly winking out over life times past and had finally sputtered into oblivion 12 light years ago, 12.59 to be exact.

The people were unaware of this and so after the festivities, life went on as usual. They returned to their toil, grateful for what they had but were eventually left wondering about whatever it was that they had lost.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NkF05D-NJMU

· r —— e —— z ·

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS






happy time
cat boccaccio

Kimberly watched her mother fill in the cheque. It looked as natural to her as her breathing. She eyed the paper fondly, as if it were an old friend. The pen, lightly clasped in her hand, seemed to guide her, rather than the other way around. It was gold in colour, part of a set. Her mother had several desk sets, corporate gifts to her husband, that Donna swapped out regularly.





She must have developed special muscles to sign cheques with such a flourish, the flourish of an artist, a dancer. Instead of being an artist or a dancer, she was a woman who excelled in writing cheques.



There was a tiny smile on her mother's face. It was her resting face. Unlike Kimberly, who had a "resting bitch face" – an intimidating scow – no matter what her mood. Perhaps her mother had willed her face that way, or perhaps Dr Stanford had done it. A tiny, tiny smile, that suddenly, to Kimberly, made no sense. It was enraging. She clenched her hands into a fist, digging her nails into her palms.







A memory parachuted into her mind: she was in a small inflatable wading pool with another little girl, playing. Their mothers sat in lawn chairs nearby. When the little girl and her mother were gone, she and her mother were alone in the kitchen, and there was a puddle on the white tile floor, and Kimberly was shivering in her wet bathing suit, desperate for her mother's warmth, and her mother shouted at her. Kimberly couldn't remember what she said. She only remembered feeling cold and lost. She shivered now.



"There," said Mrs Bak, triumphantly tearing the cheque out of the book with another flourish, and offering it to Jo, who stood in front of her desk like a supplicant.

Jo took the cheque and, pretending not to read it, folded it and put it into the zippered compartment of her leather bag.

"The balance on successful completion, now," said Mrs Bak.

"Of course," said Jo.

"I want this wedding to be subtle," Mrs Bak said.

Kimberly laughed.

Her mother frowned at her and continued. "Subtle as opposed to ostentatious. The best of everything, but not twee or frilly or overpowering. Do you understand?"

Kimberly said, "I think Jo gets that you want the world to admire and envy you, without your seeming to care if they do or not."

"Jo?" said Mrs Bak, ignoring Kimberly, the tiny smile back.

"I understand completely," said Jo.

"Kimmy, what time is the fitting? We should probably be off." She rose to her feet, smoothing her skirt. "Don't look so glum! This is a happy time, despite your cynicism."

"I'm deliriously happy," said Kimberly. "This is just my resting bitch face."

· r —— e —— z ·

Zati Kodaly

Only dying is more particular,
lighter winged.

bright tentacles drifting out—

drifting where? with your
secrets to a blue cliff,

oh rosy family silence,

you know the rest.

That is, you don't have the
need to know.

his head floating on three pillows

from out of the sheets

"Was there anything else

before you go?" (Meaning
"before I die.")

Then the salute.

Full Colonel Salute

While he saluted "goodbye"
from his bed,

mother was talking to the black-
chinned hummingbirds

through windows double-paned
to blur the flightpath noise

of Santa Barbara Airport.

Later, post-mortem, I
discovered a box.

The nuclear spacecraft.
MOLE. Orion.

And even now I prefer the idea
of his being black,

condemned to lying,

rather than lacking a
disposition

towards significant speech

with me.

The Blockchain Vision Series

PAY ME TWICE

by Art Blue

MOUNT RUSHMORE

Bullet
Sim

ubODE
WORLD
at RUSH TWO

Blockchain

Pete

MISSING GAS

© Tambury Gazette, 2041

Publisher's Note:

The Blockchain Vision is a new series of articles by the incomparable Art Blue (but possibly ghost written by his AI owl, Neruval) that will appear regularly in coming issues of rez Magazine. Art will be writing about a new frontier in technology that is almost upon us: blockchain and cryptocurrency. These will not be dry, technical pieces, mind you. We are talking about Art Blue, after all. So, expect to be entertained. (No, demand to be entertained!) Art will also be joined in this series by other writers, like the legendary Satoshi Nakamoto, who became the curator of the ID Section of Amerika Art.

Computing is about to undergo a transformational change, similar in scope to the way the internet changed how we communicate and use computers. Now, blockchain is about to change our daily lives.

The first article is called Pay Me Twice. Enjoy! Jami Mills

I had my usual morning coffee, a black latte, reading the news at Tambury Gazette. Since they merged with *Universal Gazette*, they cover a wider range. When they mentioned Amerika Art is a must see, I gave them a go from my side and took the special offer for a subscription. I was flipping the newspaper quite inattentively until a report about an accident at Mount Rushmore hit me. I turned my head and my eyes went to the infinite. “What’s on your mind?” my owl said, as I made no attempt to explain what had happened. Cortana Blue, which is a smart box, like Alexa (just not linked to Amazon services), must have heard what I said and started to play Madrugada, “What‘s on your mind?”

https://youtu.be/7WFk23_6yos

My response to the owl might look a bit out of line. I said, “Are you still in maintenance mode?” I should know that the update cycle was about to end in two hours. Neruval was therefore in a state similar to a biological unit, not with the superpowers and the higher

knowledge and, of course, not running at atto speed. I enjoy the update cycles, which recently have been happening more often. They must have to do with the old memory banks, which are now sorted in a link list before they get a chained ID with a stamp. Who knows what the elders thought about storing historic data in an encapsulated artificial intelligence in pump coding. Nowadays, no losses can happen, as the blockchain carries all the data in a row with a 42 times hash 256. Coding of data went from pump mode to coding of time stamps. Stamping is the new religion. In stamp we trust.

"Pete had an accident," I said, "He was driving downhill from Mount Rushmore when his quad lost contact to the ground, hit some trees, and came to a hard stop after a sim crossing. He hit a rock that was running its physics on ubODE." The owl was, I said it, in maintenance mode, so I had to read out loud what was published. "When Pete was leaving the Bulletsim physics at Rushmore and entered the slope at Rush Two, a system incompatibility happened and resulted in a crash splash. An investigation has been started to determine why at Rush Two ubODE was running and clearance given. Pete has now a gap in his left lung, some broken bones, one knee will need a complete replacement, and a stitch in his throat, and there is more …."

I was about to answer a phone call that had come in when I read that he was being treated by an Autoclave Healthcarion B400. "What?" I shouted, ignoring the call. "They have the old B400 at Rushmore Medical?" My owl could not follow. Maybe you also have difficulty? I said, "He will be repaired, step by step. The B400 works on priority, not on a backup of history." This even the owl shall understand in the current slow mode, the basic mode that is supervising the update. "The pump coding, you mean?" Neruval asked, using a word that I use for the old ways to code. I nodded, "Input, execution, output." The owl was thinking, "That´s not safe," the owl finally said. "Some processing might be skipped or done twice and even a mixing up of data can happen." I nodded again, "You remember when I got paid twice for an article I wrote in rez Magazine? Jami did not have a ledger at this time; she just thought she had not paid me." My owl was knacking a nut. "She never pays you. She said, when she will be a billionaire then she will pay you twice. And she paid you 1,000 for the article *Pay Me Twice*, so you know what you can expect." Darn, this owl is evil when in basic mode.

Pump coding is really easy to understand. During the time of FORTRAN, you could call it action coding, or IF, THEN, ELSE coding.



This type of coding fits the human mind of a warrior. ”If you don’t pay me, THEN I will not write any longer for *rez Magazine* ELSE …“ I looked to Neruval and the owl said, ”ELSE you will write for free.“ And we both had to laugh.

“I shall donate to Rushmore Medical a Nonfugitive Autoclave X9,” I said. “I don’t want Pete to have a memory loss. That can happen with a B 400. It is called Post-traumatic Code Loss. Would not be good for my Pete Museum.” I heard a ping. The update for my owl must have been completed. “You mean, the Two Presidents Meeting?” my owl asked. “What?” I said, and looked at the monitor. “Your update has failed.” The owl stopped knacking nuts, asking, “Is this bad?” I opened the debugger. “Let me see. Ah, the Gas fee. I had not paid enough for the blockchain update.” My owl came closer. “Have I not created fake Gas that you could put in?” I stamped with my feet, “The Trump Museum took it all. That´s why the merger failed. It has to do with the accident.” I rolled my eyes, “Pete is dead.” The owl laughed, whatever laughing means in a code. I had also to laugh. “He can´t be dead, I have his complete code in the museum. I can restore him on a block.” The answer of my owl hit me, there was truth in it. “You need to put real Gas in for my update, then I can use my superpowers and simulate a Nonfugitive Autoclave X9 at Mount Rushmore. Pete will be restored on his latest blockchain. The crash will be included, an experience that would have been left out by the pump mode of the B 400.” I was thinking for a moment. “That would link to Amerika Art, where different physics have been used in different sims and the travel chairs shot (with the visitors sitting on them) through walls.”

At least a good end. “My Pete Museum will not merge with my Trump Museum,” I said. “I will keep Trump on pump mode and Pete on Blockchain. That is the most persuasive way that a modern world shall run on a blockchain.

·r—e—z·

Friday Night Live

with
DJ Gray
and Jami

Tonight's Theme:

?

Howelsen
75, 234, 1545

8-10pm SLT

The Coming raksh



Image by Valexina

nowes



He watches his Starbucks coffee timidly and with some trepidation traverses unaided the polished tabletop, the mocha coloured fluid tremulous in the inevitable outcome of its downfall...

“Look Mum no hands” came the cry, the young lad excited and animated. Indeed, the young lad had nothing to do with this extraordinary event, the power emanating from a higher source, one so far away, one so pervasive it penetrated every level of movement, its many fingers of control plucking at the web-strings of life, as it calmly strolls the corridors of power with a smile and a bounce in its step...

The cup tips at the edge and topples to the floor skittering and bouncing, finally ending in a slow roll. Gasps from the watching boy, his mother aghast bending to look at the mess sees nothing but the empty cup, a few brown drips hanging from the edge belying its use. Her gaze returning to the boy realizes his gasps are not for the fallen coffee but for the undulating brown mass hovering by the table delicately tasting its wooden edge, tiny droplets dripping from the wetted surface under its kisses.

Undulations fluidly reflecting the lights, golden and brown radiantly dominate the cafe and despite its small size, its glorious radiance captures the audience who fall almost in unison to their knees.

Truly they are witness to a miracle and while humbled observe the slow rising of the golden mass as it turns slowly in the air. If any floating mass of undulating fluid could be deemed observing, then this action alone demonstrated its dominance over the mass of crouching people some trembling in awe of its presence.

The young boy still standing holds out his hand and the coffee obediently settles ball-like in his palm. Its radiance grows and the boy smiles, his face illuminated in the soft golden light.

This was a fine entrance for the Messiah.....

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Wolves

By Dearstluv Writer

As stalking predators united together.
Generating a powerful pack... conquering our prey..
Strong and hungry, aggressively we savagely attack.
Howling out our challenges during confrontation.

Territorial, we dominate our claimed domain.
Devotedly raising young pups in wilderness pride
As our pack grows in numbers and increasing strength.
Weak, surrounding creatures shiver in avid and valid fear.

Taking exactly what we need, we roam vulnerable environments.
Seeking, still more, territory to dominate and eventually claim.
Some aware and sensing our approaching and strong numbers...
Have labeled us as angry wolves..... Others call us politicians.

body love

natural shapes

natural height

Modifiable.

Non mesh skin included.

Look for Cat Boccaccio's body love natural shapes on Second Life Marketplace.



Wa

By Nazzie D

Water streaming down my cheek
Help me Lord for I am weak
Tears are hidden in the spray
As silently I cry and pray

Don't you see me? Are you there?
Do you hear my desperate prayer?
Am I alone, as I now seem?
Is all of this an awful dream?

How much more can my heart ache
Before I whither, die or break?
Silently I scream your name
Help me Lord this is insane

I believe and yes
Day by day and n
I know I'm safely
Sometimes it's ha

I stand alone, here
Remembering you
Hard sometimes t
But you love me,

I pray to find an o
Something to mak
To ease the burde
To feel the touch

rrior

Darkshadow

I fight
ight by night
in your hands
rd to understand

e in the shower
ur loving power
o bear the load
this I know

ounce of peace
ke my joy increase
n on my mind
of the divine

Trusting in You is the key
But that is sometimes hard for me
Believing that some senseless things
Give order to what chaos brings

Sometimes I just need to cry
My heart so heavy I could die
And quietly just breathe and pray
To make it through another day

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